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DIARY OF A COED

MONDAY: Prof. Pomfritt sprung quiz in English lit this morning. If Shakespeare didn't write *Canterbury Tales* I'm a dead duck . . . Lunch at the house—turkey hash. Question: how can we have turkey hash when we never had turkey? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after lunch. I dig those better makin's the most! . . . Played bridge with sorors in afternoon. When game was over, my partner stabbed me several times with hatpin. *Must learn weak club bid . . . Dinner at house*—lamb hash. Question: how can we have lamb hash when we never had lamb? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after dinner. What filter? What flavor? What pack or box? . . . Chapter meeting at night. Motion made to abolish capital punishment for pledges. Motion defeated . . . Smoked more Marlboros. *Quelle joie!* . . . And so to bed.

TUESDAY: Faculty tea at the house. Spilled pot of oolong on Dean of Women. She very surly. Offered her a Marlboro. Still surly. Offered skin graft. No help . . . Dinner at Kozy Kampus Kafe—24 hamburgers. But no dessert. Have to watch waistline . . . And so to bed.

WEDNESDAY: Got our marks in English lit quiz. Lucky for me Shakespeare wrote *Canterbury Tales!* . . . Afternoon date with Ralph Feldspar. Purely platonic. Ralph wanted to consult me about love trouble he's having with his girl, Nymphet Calloway. I assured him things would get better. Ralph said he certainly hopes so because last four times he called on Nymphet, she dumped vacuum cleaner bag on him . . . Smoked several Marlboros. Wonderful cigarette. No confusion about which end to light. Saves loads of time . . . Dinner at house—bread. That's all; just bread . . . And so to bed.

THURSDAY: Three packages from home—laundry, cookies, records. So hungry I ate all three . . . Quiz in American history. If Millard Fillmore didn't invent cotton gin, I'm in big trouble . . . Dinner at house. Big excitement—Nymphet Calloway announced her engagement to Ralph Feldspar. While sorors flocked around to congratulate Nymphet, I ate everybody's side meat . . . Then smoked Marlboro. Oh, what a piece of work is *Marlboro!* . . . *And so to bed.*

FRIDAY: Got our marks in American history quiz. Was shattered to learn that Millard Fillmore did not invent cotton gin. He wrote *Canterbury Tales* . . . How very odd! . . . Lunch at the house—bread hash . . . Marlboro after lunch. Great smoke. Must send valentine to manufacturers . . . *Spent entire afternoon* getting dressed for date tonight with Norman Twonkey. Norman is dull, dark, loaded—a perfect doll! Only thing wrong is he never tells a girl where he's going to take her. So I put on a bathing suit, on top of that an evening gown, and on top of that a snowsuit. Thus I was ready for a splash party, a dance, or a toboggan slide . . . So what do you think happened? He entered me in a steeplechase, that's what! . . . Would have taken first prize easily if I hadn't pulled up lame in the last furlong . . . And so to bed.

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Yes, the college life is a busy one and you may be having trouble choosing the cigarette that's right for you. Here's a handy guide: For filter plus flavor—Marlboro. For flavor without filter—Philip Morris. For filter plus flavor plus coolness—Alpine . . . All made by the sponsors of this column.

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